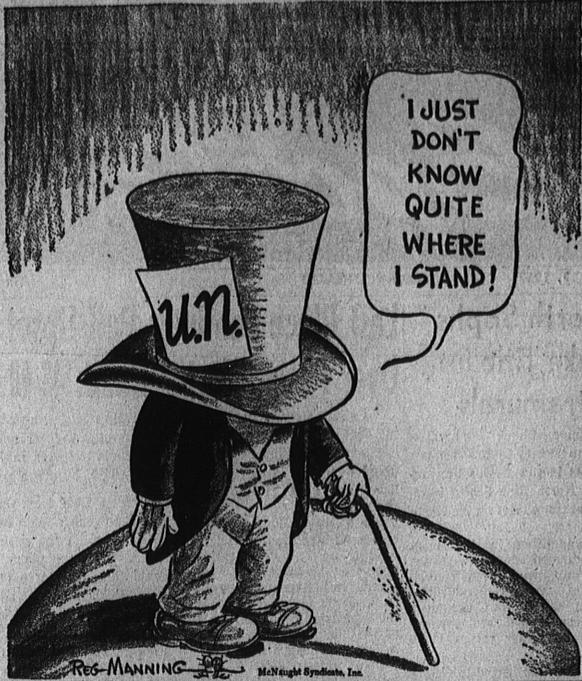


I'm Not Lost



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: My husband and I have been married 11 years. For the past six years I've spent a fortune on doctors. Finally I became pregnant. My husband was so thrilled when he heard the news, he phoned all his friends to broadcast his joy. Now that the baby is due in a month he's behaving in a very strange manner. He told me last night when my time comes to go to the hospital I shouldn't wake him up, but call a taxi and leave quietly. He doesn't want to hear from me until I have something to report. He only wants to know if it's a boy or a girl. What on earth is wrong with him anyway? I feel parenthood is a 50-50 proposition and he should come to the hospital with me and do his part. What do you say? —READY BETTY.

wife doesn't care for bowling so she's been going to the public dance hall with her girl friends. I enjoy prize-fights and they make her sick, so she refuses to go with me. She likes mushy movies and THEY make me sick, so I won't go with her. Her folks never cared for me and my folks don't like her, so we can't go visiting together. This is sure a mess, isn't it? What do you suggest? —PETE.

two had better pull up your socks and hang together—or you're sure to hang separately. CONFIDENTIALLY. CONFUSED MOTHER: This routine can lay you among the daisies. Mother. Tell these lounge lizards to pitch in and give you a hand or hire some people to come in and do the work. WEARY WOMAN: Your age indicates you should see a doctor. There are some wonderful new drugs on the market that can help pull you out of this depression. Get going... life can be beautiful. MRS. WALLACE J.: You can't prove the baby is his by this test. A test could prove that he ISN'T the father, however. See a doctor.

I have news for you. He's DONE his part. From now on, it's up to you. The only husbands who are any good under these conditions are the ones who go willingly. If you must hog-tie and drag him, he'll be of little help—like none at all. A mature man wouldn't dream of letting his wife go to the hospital alone. Since your husband is emotionally still in rompers, leave him at home or the doctor will be so busy with HIM you'll get no attention whatsoever.

He was saturated with happy water so it was no surprise that he bought a huge grandfather's clock at an auction. As he staggered down the sidewalk, the inebriated gentleman collided with another pedestrian and fell clumsily to the ground, his arms protectively wrapped around the ancient timebox. The other pedestrian looked at the strange sight, scratched his head, and inquired: "Mister, how come you don't wear a wrist watch like the rest of us?"

(Ann Landers will be happy to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of the HERALD and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. (C) 1957, Field Enterprises, Inc.)

Dear Ann: I'm a girl 17 who deserves a swift kick. Please tell me if there's any way I can catch up the damage I'm heart sick. A certain fellow who's been extra-wonderful to me is only 5'5, I'm 5'3 without heels. His shortness never bothered me at school because I always wore flats.

Caskie Stinnett, of Holiday Magazine, announces a new service for hypochondriacs. Each month, patients will pay a prescribed fee and receive symptoms of a new disease under a group plan to be called Disease of the Month Club.

When movie director George Stevens was asked how he managed to make the children cry in "Giant," he explained that he took away the kids' toys, adding: "I pity the frustrated psychiatrist who has to study and explain their past some day!"

Last week he invited me to a school dance. I was very self-conscious and said I didn't feel like dancing. He asked why and I told him it was embarrassing to tower over him. His feelings were hurt and we had a bum evening. He's been cool ever since and is showing lively interest in a darling girl who is taller than I am. She doesn't seem to mind his lack of height in the least. How can I get him back? —THE STOOP.

Caskie also relates about the pussy cat and his girl friend who were walking along a New York street late at night. Just then, a garbage truck started tossing garbage cans on the sidewalk, with which Mr. Pussy Cat said to his girl friend: "Listen, darling, they're playing our song."

For years, he had ignored his wife's pleas for an annual medical checkup. Finally, a variety of ailments forced him to visit the family doctor. This was the medic's diagnosis: "Fred, if you were a building and I was a city inspector, I'd condemn you."

Put on your high heels and walk over to the boy and admit you've been a 24 carat fool. Tell him everyone is entitled to one mistake, and this was your Blue Ribbon Boner for '57.

What marriage needs more than anything else are less His and Hers articles and more US items around the house.

The swimmer suffered cramps and barely made it to the shore. He lay in the water half in and half out, and a lifeguard immediately began artificial respiration. As water poured out of the swimmer's mouth in a constant stream, a bystander said to the lifeguard: "Mister, I'm a hydraulic engineer. If you don't get that man's rear section out of the water, you'll drain the lake."

Dear Ann: I've been married to a jitterbug for three years and am just about ready to call it quits. I belong to a bowling league and like to go to the alley a few nights a week. My

In reply to my recent item wherein I admitted I had done wrong by my dog, Trippy, by blaming him for something he didn't do, and I had asked how dogs one go about apologizing to a dog, I received the following note from M. J. Garner, of Tarzana: "A dog once again will prove he is vastly superior to human beings by settling for one simple loving pat."

As girls will do in these modern darning days, Nellie

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Fred Boren thinks you should know you can't always depend on the signs you see around town. His example is the open schedule painted on the front door of the new Post Office Annex on Torrance Blvd. Saturday's hours are given as 8 a.m. to 12 M. Fred says anyone knows that means 12 midnight, yet when he went out the other Saturday afternoon, they were closed. Turns out the hours are from 8 a.m. to 12 noon.

And Ray Sloan spotted another this week at the intersection of Mullen Ave. and Border—a sign which points to the downtown business district and city hall.

Since last August, the sign is no longer valid—the city hall is a mile in the other direction, Sloan maintains. "Thousands of people come into this area from miles around to see our new civic center," Sloan moans, "and they are directed to the old, empty city hall downtown."

The inference is that someone should change the sign.

And while we're talking about signs, how about that new sign which sets the Torrance city limits at 240th St. on Narbonne Ave. Whoever put that there certainly stirred up the Lomitanos south of the border—the real boundary line is at 239th St.

That coffee break isn't all it's cracked up to be, according to Dr. J. DeWitt Fox, editor of Life and Health magazine.

Writing in the March issue, Dr. Fox says each cup of coffee contains 100 to 150 milligrams of caffeine, the approximate amount given by doctors to a patient who has been in a coma or is otherwise in danger of collapse. "The fatigue factor which coffee seems to erase is one of its worst dangers, though it is the effect most sought after by Americans," the learned man writes. "It blots out the danger signals, and while your body is crying for rest, relaxation, and a reclining position on a soft bed, you lash it relentlessly when you give it coffee."

There's more, but it's time for my coffee break now.

AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

I plan to see Marshal Tito in Belgrade again this spring on my way to Prague, Warsaw and Moscow, the first lap of my 1957 trip around the world. After some 3000 miles inside Russia, I will return to Belgrade on my way to the Middle East.

I have talked with Tito several times since his split with the Kremlin in 1948. Each time I talk with Marshal Tito (Joseph Broz), I get the impression that he is no ordinary Communist of the mill-run fanatics who rule Russia. My last interview with him proved this again. Resplendent in a white suede medaled uniform, with a large elegant hunting dog at his side, Marshal Tito talked with me in understandable English in the regal splendor of his marble-lined office in Belgrade.

"I am a Socialist-Communist, absolutely independent from Russia or anybody else until I die," he said proudly. "No one, yes no one, will ever be permitted to interfere with my kind of communism of Yugoslavia." Tito's kind of communism appears to shift with the winds of expediency. But this explains the man better than anything I ever saw or heard of him.

Tito's reluctance to come to the United States at this time is understandable. Over 100 congressmen had signed a petition against his visit. But he will try again, later, for a visit to the United States would be the greatest political triumph of his turbulent career. His invitation to a Communist head of state by our government. To have had the invitation to all... and to turn it down... raised Tito's star higher than ever.

What was surprising about the invitation was that the dictator who ordered the shooting down of an American transport plane, killing five U. S. airmen, simply because it was a foggy Yugoslavian night in 1946, should have been invited at all to be the guest of the United States.

Marshal Tito is wise to his role of "middleman" between East and West, extracting concessions from both. He got a billion dollars from us and a \$100,000,000 from Russia in the past eight years. After his most recent trip to Moscow and Yalta, he gave the Russians the impression that he can be counted on... for a price. He will ride the wind with its various shifts so long as it blows in his direction. He is as Communist as anything we ever saw in Russia. He is the absolute dictator of a once proud country of over 17,000,000 frugal and hardworking people. He exercises full control over press, radio, television, no political opposition at the polls. As a Communist he is expected to lean to Russia... but this is not quite true, as Russia has had a price on his head since 1948. That he has not been assassinated by Soviet agents these past eight years is called a miracle inside Belgrade. Most people have been expecting him to be murdered every fortnight in the past few years.

In Belgrade he resides in a small unpretentious villa, in an average residential district. He is an excellent temporary speaker, a definite fire hazard. California's last "wooden shingle roof" conflagration struck Berkeley in 1923 and destroyed 600 buildings.

Credit the notebook of Leonardo da Vinci with this paragraph which still holds true in 1957, and you might be wise in following its advice: "Every now and then go away, have a little relaxation, for when you come back to your work your judgment will be surer, since to remain constantly at work will cause you to lose power of judgment. Go some distance away, because then the work appears smaller, and more of it can be taken in at a glance, and a lack of harmony or proportion is more readily seen."

Yet Tito does not permit the people to freely express their wishes in Yugoslavia. He humorously refers to himself not as a dictator, but as "one of the people without undisputed power," which, of course, is not true, as his power is supreme. Tito refers constantly to "socialism," not communism, when you discuss the subject with him. He talks about his effort of making sure that "socialism is developed normally," whatever that may mean.

Tito talked to me about his Croatian Catholic parents, when he raised the subject of faith in his country. My notes reveal his almost nostalgic references to his Christian boyhood in the little village of Kumrovac, near Zagreb. He believes that "religion has gone too far in its superstitions and stifles the intelligence of the people." He does not follow his youthful faith any more, but he is not against religious worship, "if the people want it." In Yugoslavia they surely do, for it is one of the most religious countries in Central Europe.

He took advantage of the Nazi attack and elevated himself to absolute power in Yugoslavia with the help of Winston Churchill, who received him on that historic night in September, 1944 in Naples, and sanctioned his leadership over General Draza Mihailovitch, a genuine Yugoslavian patriot. His Partisans, with the help of the western allies, finally ousted the Nazis from Yugoslavia and catapulted him to power. In 1948 Tito broke with the Kremlin, more because of Stalin's tactlessness in handling him than his objection to the policies of the Cominform.

My Neighbors



"Women diet either to keep their girlish figure or their boyish husbands."

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Marshal Tito is a Moscow-trained Communist, having joined the Communist party back in 1920. He was a sergeant in the Austro-Hungarian army, captured in Russia, and after his release married his first wife, a Russian girl. His present, and third wife, Javanka, was a Partisan major during World War II. He was working inside the Comintern in Moscow when he was ordered to reorganize the Yugoslav Communist party, and become its leader in 1938.

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My Neighbors



"Yes, sir, boy. You certainly won't that argument with your wife!"

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ

Americans well may qualify as the gabbiest people in the world—or at least they have a chance to talk more than most other peoples of the world.

The latest figures issued by the telephone company indicate that the United States has over half of the world's 101,000,000 telephones. The USA also has the greatest number of phones for 100 persons—33.73. It is approached closely by Sweden, which has 30.44 phones for the same number.

Torrance, with 4 phones per person is above the national average of 33, but nearby Los Angeles has a whopping total of .6 phones for every citizen, indicating that lots of people have two or more of the instruments.

All of which just goes to show that Americans like to do their talking the easy way—by phone. In contrast, Rome, Italy, only has 22 phone per person, and Amsterdam, Holland, has only .17 phone.

John Q. Average Citizen used his phone 409 times last year, and was exceeded in gabbiness only by his Canadian neighbor, whose average was 445 calls.

Chances are, however, that teenage girls and women helped to raise this average considerably, while the man of the house sat in the living room and read his paper.

Alexander Graham Bell may not have been fully aware of the potential of the phone when he invented it

some years ago.

The phone is great, but it has certain disadvantages:

1. It has party lines. It's great if your fellow party liner never uses the phone, but it's awful if they're the gabby sort. We have an old lady on our line who spends half her day, jabbering to somebody in Hungarian. 2. It also rings wrong numbers. This can be particularly annoying at 2 a.m. A guy I knew was assigned the former number of a well-known Los Angeles eating place. He was besieged, day and night, with calls wanting to make reservations. Finally, to get some satisfaction, he stopped the explanations and just accepted the reservations. His number was soon changed. 3. The phone numbers are readily available to bill collectors and salesmen. You never know who is going to call next—somebody selling insurance, portraits, Bibles, magazines, or handy widgets. 4. The phone always rings when I'm in the shower, or at the end of my favorite mystery program on TV. Their timing is lousy. Now, they're talking about phonovision, so that you can see the person you're talking to on the phone. This ain't for me. I wouldn't like to answer the phone in some of the get-ups I wear, and especially when I've been called out of the shower. My wife might look even worse in her pin-curls and housecleaning clothes.

Progress is great, but there is a limit. Who wants to sit around home dressed up all the time?

Public Notice

Torrance Herald-997 42976 IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES No. COMP. P-1643 NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR EXECUTOR FOR AN ORDER TO COMPLETE CONVEYANCE OF REAL ESTATE. In the Matter of the Estate of HAROLD WILBUR CHASE, also known as HAROLD W. CHASE, and E. W. CHASE, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that a hearing of the petition of ALBERT ISEN, executor of the Estate of Harold Wilbur Chase, aka Harold W. Chase and H. W. Chase, deceased, for an order authorizing and directing the petitioner to complete a certain contract for the sale of certain real estate entered into by Harold Wilbur Chase, aka Harold W. Chase, aka H. W. Chase, in his lifetime, and Betty E. Moore, Jr., as co-owners and Taylor E. Morganist and Beva Borgquist, his wife, as joint tenants, be had at the court room of Department 4, Court 32, of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, City of Compton, on the 25th day of February, 1957, at 9:30 A.M. Said real property to be conveyed is situated in the City of Los Angeles, State of California, and is described as follows, to-wit: Lot 88, Tract 1439 as per map recorded in Book 372, Pages 37, 38, 39 and 40 of Maps, in the office of the County Recorder of said County. Reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein for further particulars. Dated: February 4, 1957. HAROLD J. OSTLY, County Clerk and Clerk of said Superior Court. Attest: R. Newton, Deputy. Albert Isen, in pro-pet. Attorney at Law, 1607 Cabrillo Avenue Torrance, California FAX 8-7800 ST-Feb. 7, 10, 14, 17, 1957.

Public Notice

Torrance Herald-103 42976 NOTICE TO CREDITORS No. 370550 IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES. In the Matter of the Estate of ESTHER MAE REID REAGAN, Deceased. Notice is hereby given to creditors having claims against the said decedent to file said claims in the office of the clerk of the said court or to present them to the undersigned at the office of his Attorney, B. S. Woolley, 1308 Sartori Avenue, in the City of Torrance, in the said County of Los Angeles, in all matters pertaining to said estate. Such claims with the necessary vouchers must be filed or presented as aforesaid within six months after the first publication of this notice. Dated February 7, 1957. ESTHER MAE REID REAGAN, Administrator of the said decedent. B. S. Woolley, Attorney-at-Law, 1308 Sartori Avenue, Torrance, California. S-Feb. 10, 17, 24; March 2, 1957.

Public Notice

Torrance Herald-990 42976 NOTICE TO CREDITORS In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, in the Matter of the Estate of ALBERT G. SHAW, Deceased. Notice is hereby given to creditors having claims against the said decedent to file said claims in the office of the clerk of the said court or to present them to the undersigned at the office of Donald Findley, in pro-pet, 3111 Cabrillo Avenue, in the City of Torrance, in the said County of Los Angeles, in all matters pertaining to said estate. Such claims with the necessary vouchers must be filed or presented as aforesaid within six months after the first publication of this notice. Dated January 29, 1957. ALBERT G. SHAW, Executor of the will of the said decedent. Donald Findley, in pro-pet, Attorney-at-Law, 3111 Cabrillo Avenue, Torrance, California. S-Feb. 3, 10, 17, 24, 1957.

Public Notice

Torrance Herald-115 42923 NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL No. 37247 In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, in the Matter of the Estate of RALPH D. MURPHY, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that the petition of Valma V. Murphy for the Probate of the Will of the above-named deceased and for the issuance of Letters Testamentary thereon to the Petitioner to which reference is hereby made for further particulars, will be heard at 9:15 o'clock A.M. on March 4, 1957, at the court room of Department 8, of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, City of Los Angeles. Dated February 13, 1957. HAROLD J. OSTLY, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles. Attest: A. DUDLEY, Deputy. Armstrong, Newborn & Hitchcock, Attorneys for Petitioner, 2211 Torrance Blvd., Torrance, California. FA 8-3972 ST-Feb. 14, 17, 21, 24, 1957.

Public Notice

Torrance Herald-115 42923 NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL No. 37247 In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, in the Matter of the Estate of SARAH CHRONALE, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that the petition of GEORGE McLEAN CIRISITIE for the Probate of the Will of the above-named deceased and for the issuance of Letters Testamentary thereon to the Petitioner, to which reference is hereby made for further particulars, will be heard at 9:15 o'clock A.M. on March 6, 1957, at the court room of Department 4, of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, City of Los Angeles. Dated February 13, 1957. HAROLD J. OSTLY, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles. Attest: H. McLEAN, Deputy. Armstrong, Newborn & Hitchcock, Attorneys for Petitioner, 2211 Torrance Boulevard, Torrance, California. FA 8-3972 ST-Feb. 17, 21, 24, 28, 1957.

Public Notice

Torrance Herald-115 42923 NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL No. 37247 In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, in the Matter of the Estate of SARAH CHRONALE, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that the petition of GEORGE McLEAN CIRISITIE for the Probate of the Will of the above-named deceased and for the issuance of Letters Testamentary thereon to the Petitioner, to which reference is hereby made for further particulars, will be heard at 9:15 o'clock A.M. on March 6, 1957, at the court room of Department 4, of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, City of Los Angeles. Dated February 13, 1957. HAROLD J. OSTLY, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles. Attest: H. McLEAN, Deputy. Armstrong, Newborn & Hitchcock, Attorneys for Petitioner, 2211 Torrance Boulevard, Torrance, California. FA 8-3972 ST-Feb. 17, 21, 24, 28, 1957.

Public Notice

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